

Safe and Sound

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Summary: Hope can only take you so far. One-shot, songfic. T for death.

Safe and Sound

I'M ALIVE!

**I owe everyone a ginormous apology. My computer is being very stupid, and I can only get on FFN occasionally. I saw every one of your guys' reviews and favorites, and I feel so bad that I left all of my stories hanging. For Christmas, I'm going to work hard on my stories and update at least one of them. Until then, here's kind of an angsty one-shot songfic to keep you busy! Sorry for any tears in advance; I was crying myself.

>

The gods were crying.

Hiccup didn't know why. But, as he leaned against a tree, panting, he felt rain begin to fall from the endless black void above. Not a gentle rain, either. This shower drove spikes into the ground with every drop and stung Hiccup's face as though he were being pelted with rocks. It was too early in the year for this kind of rain to start.

No, the gods were crying. And Hiccup dreaded to know why.

He prayed that it didn't have anything to do with the battle he was running from. Hiccup would have given anything to be running in the other direction, to go back and help his friend. The only thing holding him back was the look Toothless had given him.

Go. He'll kill you. This isn't your fight.

It was almost as if Toothless had recognized the Whispering Death

that had ambushed the two. Toothless had protected Hiccup from the brunt of the attack, but he still bore cuts from the dragon's deadly spikes—across his cheek, down his arm, a shallow one across his chest that stung as the rainwater dripped into it.

Hiccup slid down the tree and closed his eyes. _You'll be all right, _he said to the Toothless in his head. Not the impressive Night Fury that everyone else saw, but Toothless, _his _Toothless—the one that gave him gummy smiles and huge eyes and flights over the ocean every day—

Hiccup pushed his now sopping wet hair out of his eyes and listened for the sounds of fighting over the rain. There were none.

He's going to come back now. He's going to come bounding out of the trees and lick my cut, asking if I'm all right—

Stumbling to his feet, Hiccup began to run back through the woods, distantly hearing the sound of his own footsteps in the mud.

â€|_I'm going to say yesâ€|_

He could see it now; the place where they had been attacked, by that big boulder. Nothing was moving.

â€|_I'll climb on his back, and we'll jump into the sky and fly awayâ€|_

"Toothless?"

Something was next to the rock, black and still. Unconscious. He had to be.

â€|_we'll go back to the house and go to sleep and it'll be like none of this ever happenedâ€|_

The soggy ground stained his pants with black dirt as Hiccup dropped to his knees. The scales were wet, and it wasn't with water.

â€|_he'll be next to my bed, just like when my leg used to hurtâ€|_

"Toothless, wake up." The words felt childish, but Hiccup's mind refused to accept the truth: that maybe his best friend had gone where no one could call him back. "Bud, we have to go. Wake up."

â€|_we'll go and watch the sunrise come morning lightâ€|_

It was too much. Hiccup wrapped his arms around Toothless' black hide, imagining that he could feel life pulsing under it. His shoulders shook. "Please wake up," he sobbed.

â€|_you and I'll be safeâ€|_

Water trickled relentlessly over his face, mixing with his bitter tears. "Please," he whispered.

â€|_andâ€|_

The gods were crying.

â€|_sound._

And Hiccup cried with them.

End
file.